

would not tell. But nowhere was there a sign of beaten path, or any "blazed" tree or a glimpse of the white canvas of the tents.

He was nearing the top of a little hillock, and Ruth, hidden among the dense brush, had finished her song and begun again, when suddenly he stopped and listened. Was the voice fainter? Or—no. It was moving away. What could it mean?

It was dangerous, hurrying—one might miss the trail; but he went back from broken bush to broken bush, twice as fast as he had come, and stopped, panting, at the base.

There hung the waving handkerchief, there was the moss-grown log, but no sign of Ruth or of Ethel. He shouted, listened, and then, next moment, Ethel burst through the undergrowth.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"She's gone."

Ethel was crying now, and very badly frightened.

"Ruth!" shouted Billy at the top of his voice. "Ruth, come back! Come back here!"

It seemed a long, long time, and then a wee, small voice answered, in the woods far ahead.

"I ca-a-nt come back! He von't let me!"

Ethel's tears burst out afresh, for this sounded very bear-like. Could it be some animal dragging the child away? They dared not think what they would do; they could only press on.

"What's the matter?" he called. "Tell us who is with you?"

"He've got me by ve dwess—let go, you naughty, bad—let go, or I'll stwike you—I'll—"

And the rest was lost in a sound of scuffling and sobs.

The rescuers were hurrying as fast as they could, but there was danger of having no sound to guide them. They looked this way and that, and Billy called once more.

"Ruth, Ruth!" he commanded, "sing, sing loud as you can! We'll be there in a minute!"

And, in obedience, came through the matted undergrowth, in broken and interrupted snatches, tears in the child's voice, but bravery as well:

"Vere's a Friend—of little chil'ren—
Above—ve bright—blue sky—
A Friend—"

And then, as they burst through a tangle of sumac and hazel, they saw it all—faithful Watch, with his teeth firmly set in Ruth's skirt, and dragging her relentlessly along, in spite of her cuffs and kicks and holdings back.

That night, when Billy lay snug in bed, and the rain he so loved to hear had begun to fall softly upon the canvas roof, he called:

"How did Watch happen to come looking for us, mamma?"

"Aunt Lida sent him. She said, 'Watch, I haven't seen the children for a long time. You go find them,' and he started right off, as if he knew just what she meant."

"But I think," said Billy, "that 'the Friend for little children' helped a good deal."—Youth's Companion.

IN CLOVER.

"Oh!" said Janie, one day, "I wish I was a little bird or a bee!"

How mamma laughed! "Why do you wish that?" she said. "Do you want to fly to the top of a tree?"

"No, but I was just thinking how good it would feel to live in clover all the time."

It was June, and Jamie was in the country. He was enjoying it, and felt as if he just could not get enough of it.

All around him were acres and acres of clover, and the air was sweet with the perfume of many blossoms.

Hundreds of bees and butterflies were flying here and there, sipping the sweet white and red blossoms. And Jamie, too, enjoyed drawing the sweet from the little tubes. But he was always very careful not to interfere with the flower the bees had selected.

Every morning Jamie went to the field and brought a nice basketful of the clover, with the dew on it, for Bunny Wee, going again late in the afternoon to get it fresh, for his supper.

Bunnies are very fond of clover, and ponies, too. Prince was—Jamie said when he went to the stable and asked him if he wanted some clover, Prince just "sniggered and laughed," he was so happy.

And Jamie felt very happy, too, as Prince cantered off with him on his back to the clover field.

Did you ever find a nicer place, children, than a big clover field?

What good times!

Can you find any sweeter place to play hide and seek?

By the way, did you ever look at clover leaves after dark? The two side leaves, which are its "hands," are folded together, while the third leaf leans over and clasps them.

Some one said, "The clover was asleep and had folded its hand to say its prayers."

Clovers usually have three leaves. But when you find four leaves in a cluster, it is said to bring "good luck."

When you hear people say "they are living in clover," that means they are having a splendid time.

And Jamie certainly "lived in clover" all that summer, for he had the most splendid vacation he had ever had.—The Child's Gem.

"Mamma," asked little three-year-old Freddy, "are we going to heaven some day?"

"Yes, dear, I hope so," was the reply.

"I wish papa could go, too," continued the little fellow.

"Well, and don't you think he will?" asked his mother.

"Oh, no," replied Freddy, "he could not leave his business."—Tit-Bits.

Never until one realizes the value of a soul and the price at which it was purchased, and never until a love as intense and personal as that of a brother burns in our soul, shall we be much used in the saving of the lost.